MARVEL LEGACY
MOVING TARGET PART 1
36
OLD MAN LOGAN
BRISSON
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OLD MAN LOGAN

MOVING TARGET
PART ONE

SURVIVING A FUTURE KNOWN AS THE WASTELANDS, WHERE EVERYTHING GOOD IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING HIS FAMILY, WAS DESTROYED, OLD MAN LOGAN AWOKE IN THE PRESENT DETERMINED TO PREVENT THIS CATASTROPHIC REALITY FROM EVER COMING TO PASS. NOW, LOGAN TRIES TO FIND HIS PLACE IN A WORLD NOT QUITE HIS OWN.

PREVIOUSLY IN OLD MAN LOGAN...

LOGAN'S ABILITY TO HEAL IS WEAKENING AND HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY. IN A RECENT FIGHT IN JAPAN WITH NINJA WARRIORS KNOWN AS THE HAND, LOGAN NEARLY DIED. HE ONLY SURVIVED THE ORDEAL BY BEING INJECTED WITH REGENIX--A DRUG THAT BOOSTS HEALING, BUT ALSO HAS EXTREME NEGATIVE EFFECTS ON THE BODY.

WHILE HE'S BEEN AWAY, NEW YORK CITY ELECTED A NEW MAYOR--THE FORMER KINGPIN OF CRIME. WILSON FISK RAN ON A PLATFORM OF RESTRICTING VIGILANTES IN NYC, APPEALING TO NEW YORKERS TIRED OF THE INSTABILITY HEROES LIKE DAREDEVIL, THE AVENGERS AND THE X-MEN BRING TO THEIR CITY.

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TIMES SQUARE.
MANHATTAN, NYC.
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A LAUGH.
FREE COMEDY SHOW, MAN. TONIGHT.
IN MY UNIVERSE, THIS IS WHERE IT ALL STARTED.
THE TIPPING POINT THAT LED TO THE CREATION OF THE WASTELANDS.
WHEN EVERY BAD APPLE ON EARTH BANDED TOGETHER.
DECIDED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH. THEY WERE GONNA TAKE OVER THE WORLD.
THEY *DID* TAKE OVER THE WORLD. BUNCHA HEROES DIED...GOOD PEOPLE, GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE.
BUT, THAT WAS A DIFFERENT TIME.
THOUGHT WE'D AVOIDED IT...

...BUT NOW I AIN'T SO SURE.

FISK TO BAN VIGILANTES!

END VIGILANTE JUSTICE

FISK

FISK NEW YORK'S REAL HERO

END VIGILANTE JUSTICE

NO MORE CAPES! X-MEN OUT OF CENTRAL PARK NOW!

FISK

LOOKS LIKE THEY JUST CHOSE A DIFFERENT METHOD OF ATTACK.

INSTEAD OF COMING AT US WITH THEIR FISTS, THEY'RE USING POLITICS.

WILSON FISK, THE BIGGEST CRIMINAL IN A CITY TEEMING WITH CRIMINALS, HAS BEEN ELECTED MAYOR.

AND HE'S WORKING HIS DAMNEDEST TO LEGISLATE US OUT OF EXISTENCE.

I WAS AN IDIOT TO THINK THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT IN THIS TIMELINE.

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

DEEP IN MY BONES, I KNEW...

FISK IS GONNA CHANGE THIS TOWN! NO MORE LIVING IN FEAR FROM MASKED MONSTERS PRETENDING TO BE HEROES!

FISK: NEW YORK'S REAL HERO.

...KNEW THEY'D FIND A WAY. THAT I COULDN'T AVOID THE INEVITABLE.

SNFF

WHAT'LL IT BE?
BEER. CANADIAN AND IN A BOTTLE.
YOU SURE? WE GOT SOME GREAT CRAFT BEER ON TAP.
I LOOK LIKE THE KINDA GUY THAT DRINKS CRAFT BEER?
THANKS.
WHISKY, NEAT.
GOT LOTS OF WHISKY.
WHATEVER'S CHEAP.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, KID?
SPARE ME.
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT...
YOU BEEN FOLLOWING ME LAST COUPLE HOURS.
I COULD SMELL YOU A MILE OFF.

HERE YOU GO.
THANKS.
TAK
I DON'T KNOW WHO TO GO TO.
SAW YOU WALK BY, RECOGNIZED YOU. YOU'RE THAT X-MAN... WOLVERINE.
NOT WOLVERINE ANYMORE.
WASN'T SURE I COULD TRUST YOU...
BUT I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT THOSE BILLBOARDS...
...FIGURE YOU HATE THAT SON OF A #@*$ AS MUCH AS I DO.
KID, YOU'RE DOING A LOT OF TALKING, BUT YOU AIN'T SAYING ANYTHING.
GET TO THE PUNCH LINE.
GULP
WHAT...WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT I HAD INFORMATION...
WHAT SORT OF INFORMATION?
THE KINDA INFORMATION THAT COULD *RUIN* FISK...

"...THE KIND OF INFORMATION HE'D BE WILLING TO KILL TO KEEP HIDDEN."
IT IS BECAUSE OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU THAT NEW YORK WILL BE SAFE AGAIN. YOU ARE WHAT MAKES NEW YORK GREAT.
THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS.
NO MORE CAPES X MEN OUT OF CENTRAL PARK NOW!
FISK
TELL ME YOU'VE FOUND THE DRIVE.
WE...WE'RE GETTING CLOSER, MR. FISK.
THAT DOES NOT FILL ME WITH CONFIDENCE, GIBSON.
WE FOUND NICKY, BUT HE MANAGED TO SLIP OUR MEN.
SLIP YOUR MEN?
HE GOT AWAY.
AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO REMEDY THAT SITUATION.
WE GOT EYES ON EVERY PLACE THAT JUNKIE HANGS OUT IN.
WE'RE TALKING TO EVERYONE HE KNOWS AND EVERYONE WHO KNOWS HIM.
WE'LL FIND HIM.
SEE THAT YOU DO.
OR I'LL BE FORCED TO REPLACE YOU WITH SOMEONE WHO CAN.

FANCY DIGS YOU GOT HERE, KID.
NICKY. MY NAME'S NICKY.
HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE CALL ME "KID."
AND THIS IS MY COUSIN'S PLACE. HE'S OUTTA TOWN AND I NEED A PLACE TO LIE LOW.
YOUR COUSIN EVER THROW ANYTHING AWAY?
ELMER LEONARD KILLSHOT
HERE IT IS.
THAT'S IT?
YEAH, MAN. THEY CAN PUT A LOT OF INFO ON THESE LITTLE THINGS NOW. CRAZY, RIGHT?
NOT REALLY.
WHAT'S ON IT? WHAT SORT OF DIRT YOU GOT ON THERE THAT'S GONNA RUIN FISK?
THAT'S THE THING, MAN. I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S ENCRYPTED. I CAN'T GET ON IT.
WAS HOPING YOU COULD HELP ME WITH THAT.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S...?
ALL RIGHT, FORGET IT. I'M OUT OF HERE.
NO!
LOOK, MAN...
...I WORKED FOR FISK. NOTHING BIG, MOSTLY DRIVING HIS PEOPLE AROUND...A LOT OF ME SITTING AROUND WAITING...
...MY UNCLE GOT ME THE GIG. HE AND FISK WERE TIGHT. AFTER MY UNCLE DIED, FISK KEPT ME AROUND, BUT I KNEW IT WASN'T GOING TO LAST...
I USED TO SEE FISK LOOKING AT THIS DRIVE ALL THE TIME.
IF HE WASN'T LOOKING AT IT, IT WAS LOCKED IN HIS SAFE. ALWAYS.
HOW'D YOU GET IT?
I...
LIKE I SAID, THE JOB DON'T PAY FOR CRAP.
FAT MAN HAD TO RUN OUT OF HIS OFFICE, SOME SORT OF EMERGENCY, I DUNNO. BUT HE LEFT HIS OFFICE UNLOCKED AND THE DRIVE WAS STILL PLUGGED INTO THE COMPUTER.
GRABBED IT AND GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE. THOUGHT I COULD MAYBE SELL IT.
PLUGGED IT INTO MY COMPUTER WHEN I GET HOME...
...NEXT THING I KNOW, I GOT TEN DUDES BUSTING THROUGH MY DOOR, SHOOTING THE PLACE UP.
BARELY GOT OUT OF THERE ALIVE.
RECOGNIZED THEM. KINGPIN'S GOONS. WORKED WITH SOME OF THEM EVEN, AND THEY'RE STILL GONNA DO ME LIKE THAT.
STILL, IF HE'S WILLING TO KILL ME FOR IT, THEN IT'S GOTTA BE IMPORTANT, RIGHT?
FIRST THING, WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
ONCE YOU'RE SAFE, WE'LL FIGURE OUT HOW WE'RE GONNA CRACK THAT THING.

MAN...
...I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS.
DON'T YOU GOT SOME SORT OF FLYING CAR OR SOMETHING THAT WE COULD TAKE INSTEAD?
THOUGHT ALL YOU SUPER HERO TYPES HAD SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.
NO.
NOT EVEN LIKE A COOL CAR OR LIKE... I DUNNO...
...SOME SORT OF SECRET UNDERGROUND PASSAGE?
YOU ALWAYS TALK THIS MUCH?
MAYBE.
PROBABLY.
I DUNNO.
JUST BEING STUCK IN A SUBWAY LIKE THIS, MAN.
MAKES ME NERVOUS.
WHAT IF THEY HAVE A HOMING DEVICE ON THE DRIVE? WHAT IF THEY FIND US HERE?
WE'RE SITTING DUCKS.
IF THEY HAD A HOMING DEVICE IN THE DRIVE, YOU'D BE DEAD ALREADY.
NOW RELAX AND PLEASE... SHUT UP FOR FIVE MINUTES.

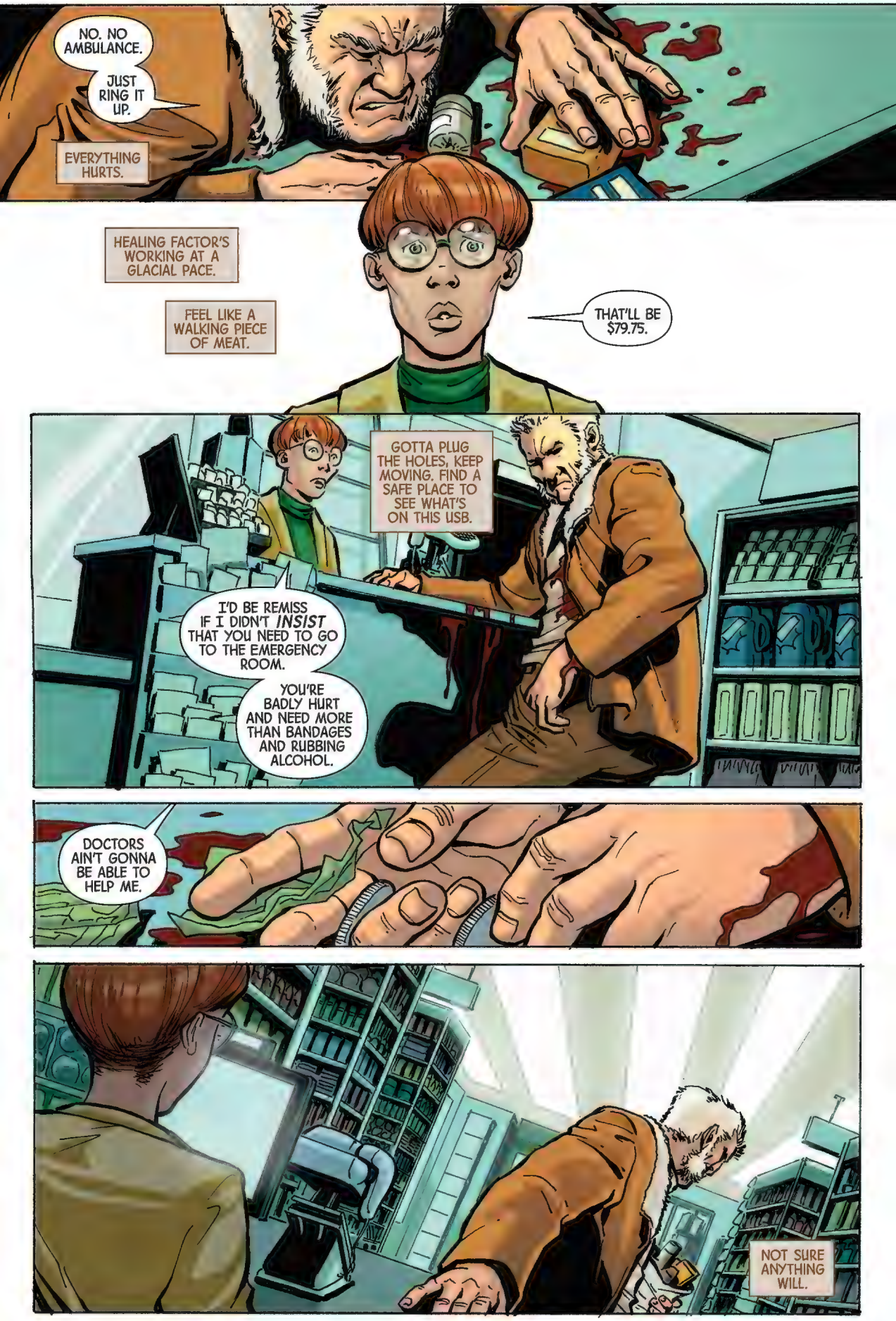
BANG
DAMMIT...
...I WAS SO DISTRACTED BY THE KID'S NONSTOP CHATTER THAT I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR THEM COMING.
GET THE DRIVE.
I'M ON IT.
LET'S MOVE IT, I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE HEAT COMES DOWN ON US.
OH GOD!
RUN!
HE HAD A GUN!
YOU AIN'T RUNNING NOWHERE THIS TIME, NICKY.

GOT IT.
SNIKT
CAN'T LET YOU TAKE THAT, BUB.
HUHN?
DON'T BELONG TO YOU.
NGGGGGH!
SHIK
WOLVERINE?! THAT'S WOLVERINE!
DAMN, YOU GOT OLD.
IT'S JUST LOGAN.
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

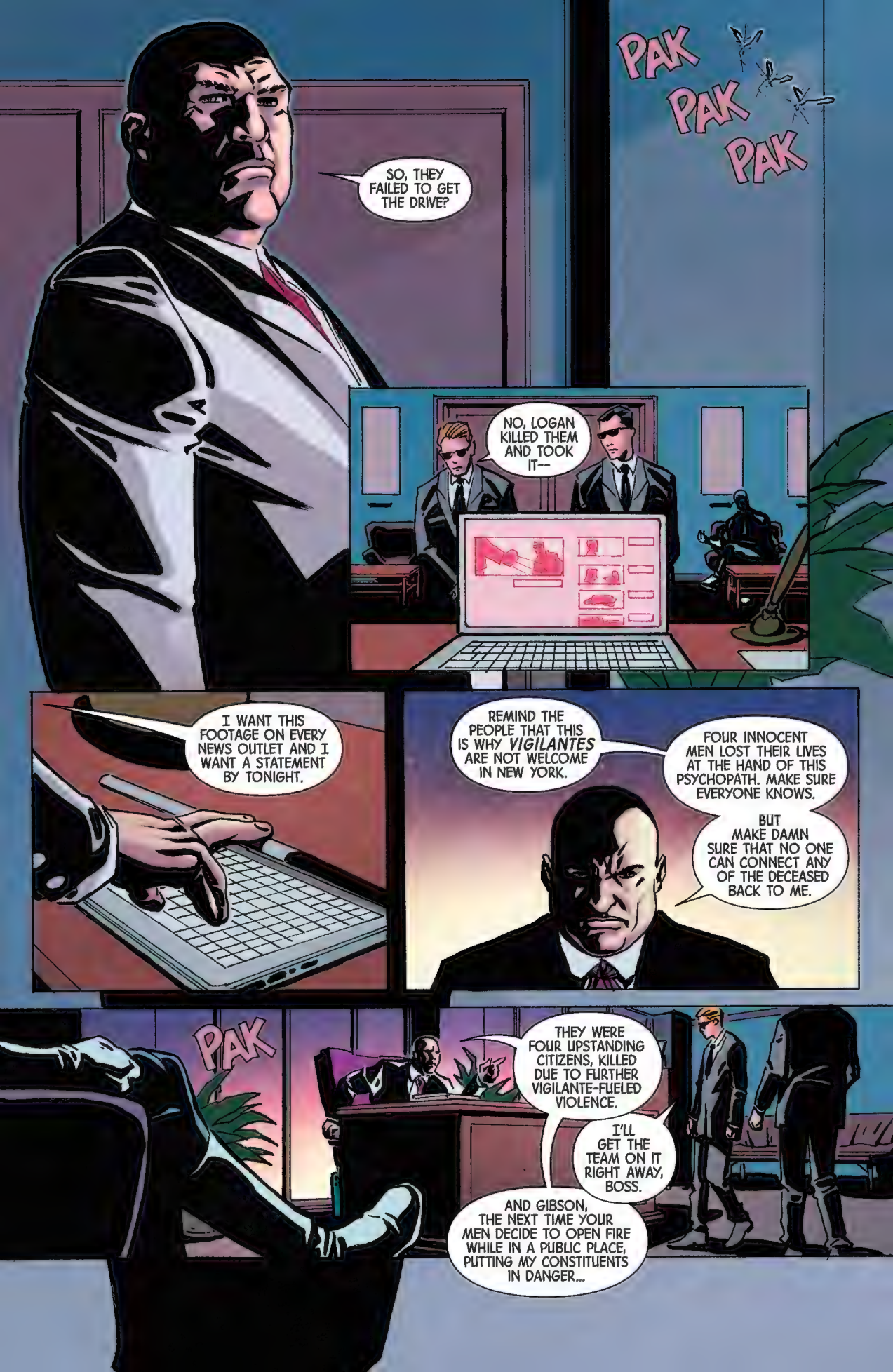
BUDDA
SHUK
SHUK
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
KAKRASH
WHY'S KINGPIN WANT THIS DRIVE SO BAD?
C'MON, MAN...
CRAP.
THERE'S A TRAIN COMING!

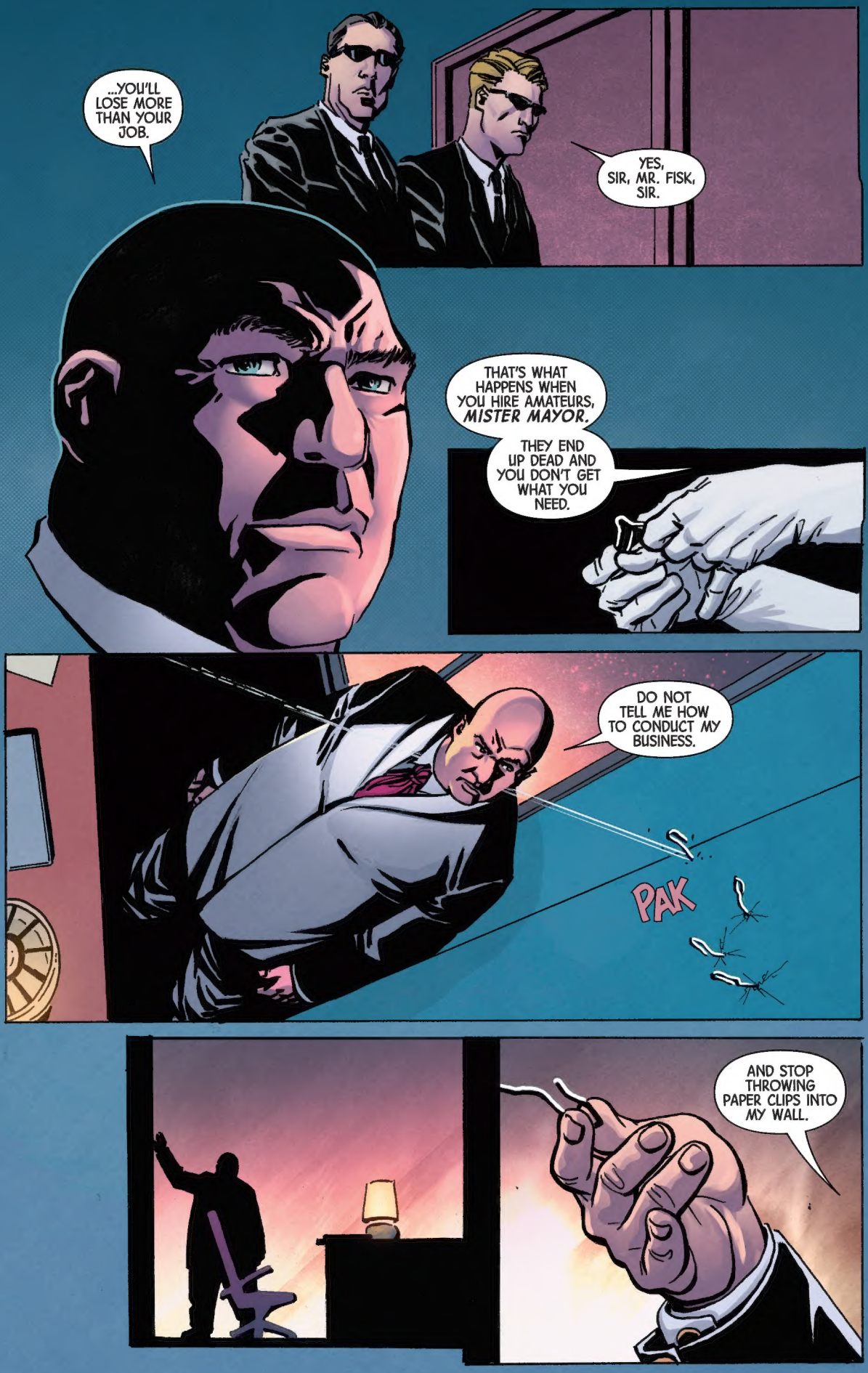
GET OFF!
HOOOOOOOOONK
SMAAAAK
HUHF
OH MY GOD!
THAT POOR MAN!
OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD!
SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!

DRUGSTORE
MOMMY, THAT MAN--
LET'S GO, JULIE! LET'S GO!
SIR?
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME TO CALL YOU AN AMBULANCE?


NO. NO AMBULANCE.
JUST RING IT UP.
EVERYTHING HURTS.
HEALING FACTOR'S WORKING AT A GLACIAL PACE.
FEEL LIKE A WALKING PIECE OF MEAT.
THAT'LL BE $79.75.
GOTTA PLUG THE HOLES, KEEP MOVING. FIND A SAFE PLACE TO SEE WHAT'S ON THIS USB.
I'D BE REMISS IF I DIDN'T *INSIST* THAT YOU NEED TO GO TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM.
YOU'RE BADLY HURT AND NEED MORE THAN BANDAGES AND RUBBING ALCOHOL.
DOCTORS AIN'T GONNA BE ABLE TO HELP ME.
NOT SURE ANYTHING WILL.

PUT ME THROUGH TO THE POLICE--
HANG UP THE PHONE.
NOW!
KLIK
GOTTA FIND SOMEONE WHO'S GONNA KNOW FISK.
SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT SECRETS HE'S GOT TO HIDE SO BAD HE'S GOTTA KILL TO PROTECT THEM.
SOMEONE WHO...
PERFECT.
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILSON FISK: By Wilson Fisk and Sarah Dewey


PAK
PAK
PAK
SO, THEY FAILED TO GET THE DRIVE?
NO, LOGAN KILLED THEM AND TOOK IT--
I WANT THIS FOOTAGE ON EVERY NEWS OUTLET AND I WANT A STATEMENT BY TONIGHT.
REMIND THE PEOPLE THAT THIS IS WHY VIGILANTES ARE NOT WELCOME IN NEW YORK.
FOUR INNOCENT MEN LOST THEIR LIVES AT THE HAND OF THIS PSYCHOPATH. MAKE SURE EVERYONE KNOWS.
BUT MAKE DAMN SURE THAT NO ONE CAN CONNECT ANY OF THE DECEASED BACK TO ME.
PAK
THEY WERE FOUR UPSTANDING CITIZENS, KILLED DUE TO FURTHER VIGILANTE-FUELED VIOLENCE.
I'LL GET THE TEAM ON IT RIGHT AWAY, BOSS.
AND GIBSON, THE NEXT TIME YOUR MEN DECIDE TO OPEN FIRE WHILE IN A PUBLIC PLACE, PUTTING MY CONSTITUENTS IN DANGER...


...YOU'LL LOSE MORE THAN YOUR JOB.
YES, SIR, MR. FISK, SIR.
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HIRE AMATEURS, MISTER MAYOR.
THEY END UP DEAD AND YOU DON'T GET WHAT YOU NEED.
DO NOT TELL ME HOW TO CONDUCT MY BUSINESS.
PAK
AND STOP THROWING PAPER CLIPS INTO MY WALL.

I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU.
BUT I NEED YOUR ASSURANCE THAT YOU CAN CARRY IT OUT BOTH EXPEDIENTLY AND CONFIDENTIALLY.
SURE THING.
NO ONE CAN KNOW THAT YOU ARE WORKING FOR ME.
I WOULD USE MY OWN MEN, BUT CLEARLY THIS HAS BECOME SOMETHING GREATER THAN THEY ARE ABLE TO HANDLE.
AND, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, I CANNOT GET MY OWN HANDS DIRTY WITH THIS. NOT WHILE I'M BUSY RUNNING THE CITY.
I WANT YOU TO FIND LOGAN.
FIND HIM AND GET MY USB DRIVE BACK.
WHAT'S ON THE DRIVE THAT'S SUCH A BIG DEAL?
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT AND NOT A CONCERN OF YOURS.
WHAT IS A CONCERN OF YOURS IS THAT YOU RETRIEVE IT AND BRING IT BACK TO ME.
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
NO PROBLEM, FAT MAN.

NEXT: LOGAN VERSUS BULLSEYE!

OLD MAN
LOGAN
#37
MIKE DEODATO JR.
MOVING
TARGET
CONTINUES!